SLEIGHING CARNIVAL IN THE CENTRAL PARK.



Pull up lads, gently, so; don't mind the drifting

And good let your manners be, you're in good com- Slow, girls, or we'll get spilt, that's Mrs. Vandor- Slip along now a bit faster or we'll miss Mrs. There's Mrs. Henry Clews, and there's Chauncey Come, now, we'd better skip, that's Colonel Law-And beside her, all wrapt like a babe in a quilt,

And dear Mrs. Stevens, who tries to drive past her,

But is blocked by that eagor Jim Parker.

Sleigh, Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Jay-you can't choose,

rence Kip Pushing Frank Work for a mug of egg flip At Gabe Case's, where nothing demurs.

Tis not every year you are welcome to go

pany.

Tis not every day your good fortune to see

Is the wife of Fernando Yznaga.

DID HE DO RIGHT?

A Problem in Ethics Respectfully Submitted for Solution to Herald Readers.



far into the night, and occasionally the thin mists of dawn had begun to break on the narrow city pavements before their labors would cease. Nobody would say that theirs was not a hard-earned pillow. Sometimes they did not toll in vain. It depended largely upon the police.

It was a chilly night in November that this horny handed pair planned the burglary of a certain safe in the establishment of a furniture concern on the west side. On the evening in question the bookkeeper had had a wrangle with his accounts.

"I can't make head or tail of this," he said to the senfor member of the firm, "but I know everything is all right. An error of several hundred dollars has been carried over from each daily footing, but where the error begins or ends I haven't found

The fact was the monthly saies had been extraordinarily large and a page of the balance had been mislaid. The head bookkeeper spent an hour in again casting up both the entries of himself and his subordinates after the establishment closed its

doors for the day.

Then he went home for his supper, determined to locate the deficit if he didn't get a wink of sleep

that night. Bookkeepers, it must be remembered, have singularly sensitive organisms, Esusceptible to the slightest atom of anything which reflects upon

their probity or skill. At half-past eight be returned and commenced anew his critical calculations. He worked precisely two hours, at the end of which time he suddenly

slapped his forehead and exclaimed:-"Great Scott! Why haven't I looked through the safe for a missing sheet? Ten to one Weeks forgot

to number them!' He turned over the pages of the balance in his hand and sure enough the usual numerical mark of designation in the upper left hand corner was

designation in the upper left hand corner was wanting. In all likelihood one page or, perhaps, two had slipped into some remote corner of the safe.

The safe was a large one, partially receding into the wall, and containing all the papers, documents and several days' receipts in cash and drafts of the firm.

The bookkeeper, in als effort to unearth the lost page of the cash balance, was obliged to intruce his entire Body into the safe. Fearful lest the candle he held should attract attention from the street, showing out as it did in glaring relief against the black recesses of the safe, before entering he drew the door slightly ajax.

As he stepped in the tail of his coat probably caught on an angle of the luge riveted hinges of the lock. The massive gate swang to as if it had weighed no more than a single pound and the bookkeeper was a prisoner.

He heard a resonant click, that was all, and his candle went out.

Candle wort out.

There is nothing especially remarkable about the incident—trage as it certainly must have been to the unfortunate wretch inside. Many men have been imprisoned in safes before. But this reflection would hardly see the ageny of that hortist memorit.

been imprisoned in sates before. But this reflection would hardly soothe the agony of that horrible moment.

The bookkeeper at the outset lost his presence of mind. He fought like a caged demon, after first exerting almost superhuman strength against the four sides of the iron tomb. Then his body gave out, and without for an instant losing consciousness he found himself sitting in a partially upright posture unable to sit hand or foot.

At that instant, when hours seemed to have elaysed, the drum of his ear, now abnormally sensitive, was almost split into fragments. A frightful menotonous clanger rent the interior of the safe. The bookkeeper used to say afterward that a second's deviation of characteristic thought and he would have gone mad.

Stronger minds in a parallel situation would have collapsed. But a weater personality clings more strongly to hope. Only weak individualities while in the act of drowning catch at straws. As the bookkeeper felt himself gradually growing faint from want of air his revivined hope led him to deliberately crash his first into the woodwork with

"3-15-73," same back in an almost sepulchral tone.

It was evidently hard work to draw breath through that hole. In exactly fitteen seconds the lock of the safe gave forth the same resonant click it had given a half hour previously. Thanks to the advent of the burglars, it opened as lightly and antly as it had closed just thirty minutes before on the unhappy accountant.

The latter gasped once or twice and without any assistance stepped out into the free air.

Now comes the interesting part.

He was very pale and his dress was much torn and disordered when he stepped to the floor, but the pallor gave place to a red flush at perceiving the two burglars.

They stood stock still as if they had seen a ghost.

They stood atock still as if they had seen a ghost.

Without any kind of speech or warning or any attempt at bravado the bookkeepar walked straight to his deak and rang a call for police.

Almost simultaneously, so quick and quiet was the action, he opened a drawer, took out a pistol and covered the two burghrs with a fatal precision. As he did so he uttered these words:

"Gentlemen, I would be the basent of mon if I did not feel profoundly grateful for what you have just done. I shall always regard you as any man should regard those who have saved his life with peril to themselves. Anything you wish of me I shall make an effort to perform. I have accumulated a little money, and with it I shall see that the best counsel are engaged for your defence. If you are convicted, why —"

Here the officers entered, having broken in the door with a crash.

NOT A FANCY SKETCH.

A STORY WITH A MORAL THAT MAY SAVE SOME OTHER YOUNG COUPLE FROM A LIKE FATE. How little does one-half of this world know how the other half lives? How little, in fact, does it really care?

I call particularly to mind a "case" which recently came before my notice in the Yorkville Police Court. A bleak and dreary Yuletide it certainly must be for young Robert Boyle.

The "case" came up only last Sunday, and Robert is now in jail. He is but twenty-five years of age, a fine looking young fellow and had been until recently emuloyed as a bookkeeper in a down-

town store.

Perhaps it was his own fault. He gambled, drauk some and was generally careless about money matters. Withat, though, he was a well meaning young man. He never committed a crime, but he will probably spend the next six months in a prison cell.

a prison cell.

Some four years since Robert married Miss Sadie Phillips. She was considered a bello among her acquaintances. She was certainly then; and is now, for that matter, as pretty a young woman as one could wish to meet anywhore. For a time everything went well with the young couple. Then Sadie's father died and her mother came to live with them. with them.

Robert did not appear to get along well with his

employers and his salary was reduced. They then moved to a small flat in a tenement house on East 113th atreet.

which the interior of the safe was fitted, in secretarie fashion, one drawer being built above another, as may have been conjectured, the noise which had compared to the want.

Solution to the second of the safe was fitted, in secretarie fashion, one drawer being built above another. As may have been conjectured, the noise which had compared to the want.

Solution to the second of the second panels, at its other of the want.

Solution to the second of the second panels, at its other of the want.

Solution to the second of the second panels, at its other of was a heavy, warty fist, part of the anatomy of the second the drill with the friend-derry pounded it in.

Firstly soon the two burglars became aware that it searly strove them into fits. They were certainly term understand with a mobile art frequently practised by charted the second the second the second the second that this horsy and the second the second that the second the second

many customers go away with dusty coats and unshined shoes.

After enduring this affliction for two weeks the boss hit upon an idea to keep "Coal" awake, and

boss hit upon an idea to keep "Coa," swake, and he quickly put it into execution Heating a cent on the stove, he removed it with a pair of tongs and placed it on one of the sleeping boy's knees. For a momential laid there. Then there was a wild orr, and the boy sprang up with a look of terror in his eyes. "Who gray dat tack in my knee?" he demanded. TURKED THE ROSS ON HIM.

But as a burst of laughter was the only reply he grasped the situation and attended to business with unwonted vim. His seal, however, soon oozed out, and he relapsed into his former somnolent state. This so emraged the boss that he scized a small hose with a spray nozcle attachment and gave the boy a shower.

Spluttering and half stifled he tumbled out of his chair, grabbed an umbrella from the rack, opened it and held it above his head. He did ust notice that he was again being made a victim, for he shouted:—

"For lan's sake, boss, close de sklight, for it am rainin' in right smart."

Again "Ceal" was laughed at, and again he took the hint and kept savake and at work. But, as before, his reformation was of brief duretion.

HIS *HOUS AFLANE.

"Brush!" exclaimed the boss one day as he re-

"Brush!" exclaimed the boss one day as he re-leased a popular patron from his chair. "Brush! brush!" he repeated, but the boy was asleep and

snoring.
"Confound that lazy 'Coal,' "said the boss; "Fill scare him so he'll never dare to go asleep again in And he did. Armed with a quantity of alcohol the crept up to the sleeper and applied it literally to his shoes and set it biazing with a lighted match. All hands grouped themselves to see the fun (2).

match. All hands grouped themselves to see the fun (?).

Slowly the inflammable fluid burned, and tiny hine flames coursed around the boy's ankies. He noved uneasily in his sleep and scemed to try to move away from the ire, but in vain. Hotter grew his feet until suddenly he awoke. Groat beads of perspiration stood upon his brow or trickled down his cheeks. He gave a single glance downward. "Wow!" he shouted as he began to caper about the room. "It's burning up 1 is. Hil hil ohl oh! oh! But fre!" and then he fell.

Then the boss ran up, and in a second fauned out the flames with a newspaper.
"Coal" was badly scared and believed that his shoes caught fire from the stove, near which he sat. He has not slept on post since sud is one of the most faithful helpers in the boss barber's employ.

COULDN'T FAIL.

"I have a great admiration for Charles A. Dana," said Commissioner Porter, president of the Board with them.

Robert did not appear to get along well with his amployers and his malary was reduced. They then noved to a small flat in a tenement house on East 13th atrect.

During the following year the wolf of poverty

and Commissioner Porter, president or the Board Charities and Correction, when his views were solicited on the question of the hour, "and I have not the slightest doubt be would make an adminor to the sight to make a brilliant record in the Senate."

NEW BOOKS.

Columbus Reconstructed, but Not According to the Late John Brougham.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CEN-TURY. By WILLIAM Edward Hartpole Leery, Vols. VII. and VIII. D. Appleton & Co., New York. With these volumes Mr. Leeky concludes a volu-

minous and valuable work-a work which, although not faultless, is not likely to make way for a better one within the present century. Like most other great histories it has been written more for honor than profit, for the work of obtaining the material has consumed about half of the author's adult life. By Americans the book should always be held in grateful esteem for the author's fair treatment of our own country during the long period of discontent and war which culminated in She stood fresolute for a moment, "Oh, don't let them lock me up, Sadie," pleaded the young hasband.

"My children," she finally said, with a look or despair in her eyes. "You came home drunk. It is for them I do this."

The value warm was led subbling from the author is a liberal in politics, and has always The young woman was led sobbing from the yout room as she heard the Justice say. "Well, you stand committed unless yon can get some one to go on your bond."

Robert is now languishing in jail. Who cares? And what has become, meanwhile, of Sadie and her two children. Who knows or cares either? This is a true statement of facts without attempting to so into heroics. It is a common, everyday occurrence in the various city police courts.

The woung woman was led sobbing from the author is a liberal in politics, and has always wished Ireland well; he tells of political and military atrocities, to which the unfortunate people were obliged to submit with a fulness of detail which will satisfy the most rabid hater of England, yet in spite of all this his own narrative betrays and the same of the contains many indications in the author's own tone of the capacity in her dealings with the united the political and will; he tells of politics, and has always wished Ireland well; he tells of political and will with a fulness of detail which will satisfy the most rabid hater of England, yet in spite of all this his own narrative betrays for interest the political and will a fulness of detail which will satisfy the most rabid hater of England, yet in spite of all this his own narrative betrays for interest the politics, and has always wished Ireland well; he tells of politics, and has always wished Ireland well; he tells of politics, and has always wished Ireland well; he tells of politics, and has always wished Ireland well; he tells of politics, and has always wished Ireland well; he tells of politics, and has always wished Ireland well; he tells of politics, and has always wished Ireland well; he tells of politics, and has always wished Ireland well; he tells of politics, and has always wished Ireland well; he tells of politics, and has always wished Ireland well; he tells of politics, and has always wished Ireland well; he tells of politics, and has always wished Ireland well; he tells of politics, and has always wished Ire author's own tone of the general conviction of superiority which has been England's baue in dealings with all races not her own. It is well for England that the Irish are not largely a reading people. Were Lecky's book generally read through out the island the people's hatrod of England, ardent though it is, would greatly gain in intensity. THE SECRETE LOG-BOKE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUM-ECS. Noted and Written by Himself in the Years 1492-1433. Brentano, New York,

This is one of the most clever and artistic conceits that has appeared in a long time. It is a fac-simile of a logbook purporting to have been found on the English coast a few months ago. The effect of reality is marred only by the text being in English. The publisher's announcement, which is

effect of reality is marred only by the text being in English. The publisher's announcement, which is quite as in genious as the pretended log, says:—"It is likely that Christopher Columbus should have kept this logbook; it is likely that he should have kept this logbook; it is likely that he should have forth in this fac-simile. It is likely that he should have forth in this fac-simile. It is likely that he should have choiced it in a water tight casket before conveying its measage to the mercy of the waves. It is likely that he should have enclosed with it the roys! warrant@from faabella, Queen of Castilla and Leon, creating him Vloeroy, Admiral and ceneral Governor of all the islands and countries west of the assers he might discover."

The text of this ingenious fancy is in old Gothic lettering, the leaves imitations of parchment, stained and blotched as parchment naturally would be by sait water, and the cover, also like purchment, is a marvel of artistic discoloration. Adhering to it are tiny shells and bits of seawed and marine berries, all real. Inside the book is folded the discoveror's warrant or commission from the seams Crown, the lettering being in Spanish and the whole bearing the royal seal so treated as to appear to have been in the water a long time. There are many illustrations such as a sallor who could draw stall might have made in those days and on such a voyage. Indeed, the ouly thing unreal besides the English text, is the elaborateness of many of the initial letters. It would be difficult in imagine a commander with his heart full of new ideas and his ship full of disaffected sallors devoting hours to ornamentation, and as a some word of the initial letters. It would be difficult to imagine a commander with his heart full of new ideas and his ship full of disaffected sallors devoting hours to ornamentation, and as a succession of his time.

As a curiosity this book must command attention, for there is nothing like it in the world texton, for there is nothing like it in the world take off

HE BUCGAREES AND MAROONERS OF AMERICA. Being an account of the Famous Adventures and Daring Deeds of Certain Notorious Freebooters or the Spanish Main. A new Hustrated Edition. Edited by Howard Pyle. Macmillan & Co., New This is a volume of the "Adventure Series" and

tells of the exploits of Morgan and Lolonais in the West Indies, and of Blackbeard, Captains Kid, Roberis and Avery elsewhere. Much of it is translated from an old book which was written in Dutch and from an old book which was written in Dutch and afterward printed in Spanish, but changes of language have not modified any of the incidents, all of which were as outrageous as the most depraved mind could imagine. The dreadful fact about these old birates is that privateering and smuggling were so common in those days that there was no distinct line between them and piracy, and any sallor affoat with a good ship and some caunon drifted into theft as easily as politicians become liars. Sallors were citizens of no country in particular, so pirates had no trouble in getting recruits from the crews of captured vessels. There is a great deal of history

and human nature between the lines, and Mr. Pyle's production is very good. THE BEST LETTERS OF HORACE WALFOLE. Edited, with an introduction by Anna B. McGahan. THE BEST LETTERS OF LODO CHESTRIPHELD. Edited, with an introduction by Edward Gilpin Johnson. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

So wrapt up are they all in their furs.

These volumes of the "Laurel Crowned Letter Series" contain about as much of the correspondence of Walpole and Chesterfield as the general reader will be likely to peruse, and the selection s are so well made as to leave the more complete deditions to special students. The Walpole volume contains about a hundred letters, very few of which are on political subjects; by far the greater number are on men, incidents and literature of his day, and all are of brighter quality than any of the published letters of the period. The Chester-field collection excludes a few letters which were more frank than decent, and which gave a bad reputation to a mass of parental advice which, as a whole, is worthy of the close attention of almost any young man, for the worldly wisdom of which they are full is remarkably free from cynicism and selfishness. The books are small, sightly and cheap. reader will be likely to paruse, and the selection s

thesp.

LIFE WITH THE FORTE-NINTH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTERS. By Henry T. Johns, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Johns' book was first printed about twentyfive years ago, but there are war stories which are
more interesting now than they were during the
heat of the conflict, and this is one of them. It is
a series of letters from a private soldier in a regiment which was formed in Berkshire county, Mass.,
in the autumn of 1802, and although the term of
service was only nine months, the Forty-ninth did
cood work and lost many men, more than one. heat of the conflict, and this is one of them. It is a sories of letters from a private soldier in a regiment which was formed in Berkshire county, Mass, in the autum of 1862, and although the term of service was only aline months, the Forty-ninth did good work and lost many men, more than one-fourth of the active list being killed or wounded at Port Hudson. The author seems to have been enthusiastic, brave, thoughful and religious; he discusses the conduct of the war, the negro question and every other question of the time like a true born American, who is also a Massachusetts man, and his pages will recall to veterans experiences, amusing and otherwise, of the men in the raults.

the rauge.

Paoli: THE LAST OF THE MISSIONARIES. A Picture of the Overthrow of the Christians in Japas in the Seventeenth Century. By W. C. Eitchin. With Hiustrathous by is A. Traver and Henry Bouche. Robert Bonner's Sons, New York.

Japan was once the most encouraging missionary field in the world. Xavier and his followers reached the land soon after the traders. The new reached the land soon after the traders. The new religion, as then proached, was eagerly welcomed by the poorer classes, who had long been oppressed and fed on spiritual husks by the Buddhist priests. Meanwhile many of the rich and titled classes accepted Christianity for business reasons and forced is upon their followers. In time the character and manner of the Church's representatives changed, and there was a great and successful revolt which suppressed the new religion, banished or killed all natives who would not abjure it and closed the ports of Japan against foreigners. The period of the revolt is that of the story of "Paoli"—a story full of the exciting, the strange and the picturesque. The book is a very good specimen of the "historical novel." MINGLED MEMORIES. A Packet of Poems Both

MINGLED MEMORIES, A Packet of Poems Both Grave and Gay. By James Gordon Emmons. Human ; minds are like jugs-their contents can be known only by what comes out of them. The man who goes about an unromantic business with a matter of fact face is supposed to be without

a matter of fact face is supposed to be without poetry in his soul, while shallower natures are called poets merely because they print rhymes. For instance, the author of "Mingled Memories" has for many years been a sailor and the captain of a steamboat, yet throughout his busy and exacting life he has found time for much sentimental reverie and to express his feeling in careful verse and rhyme. Some of the poems date back to war times and forcibly recall incidents and characters of that stirring period. The volums is tastefully bound in blue and gold. It bears no publisher's inprint, from which it would appear that the author, whose address is No. 303 West atreet. New York, printed it for private circulation.

Whom GUTHRER, A Novel, By Blehard Malcolm

Wilsow Guthers, A Novel, By Blehard Malcolm Johnston, illustrated by E. W. Kemble, D. Ap-pleton & Co., New York. Few authors would dare make an arrogant, com-

bative old woman the title character of a novel. Mr. Johnston, however, is a philosopher as well as a teller of tales, so one character is quite as intera teller of tales, so one character is quite as interesting to him as another. A Georgia village of a few hundred people is the scene of the story, and thewidaw is but one of a score of characters most of whom are so peculiar to the place as to seem original when looked at from any other standpoint. Beginning with a family quarrel of ordinary character. "Winow Guturie" promises to be a leisurely sketch of village life in the South before the war; suddenly, however, it became exciting and remains so, a duet and the shooting affair being among the incidets, a handsome Northern woman having unconsciously made a great deal of trouble. The author's characters seltom talk like men and women in books, yet somehow they make themselves very well known to the reader, and they are real people. Mr. Kemble's illustrations are capital, but too few, for the stories are full of opportunities for the artist.

A SKETCH OF CHESTER HARDING, ARTISE, Drawn

A SECTION OF CHESTER HANDING, ABITST. Drawn by his Own Hand. Edited by His Daughter, Margaret E. White. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York.

More than half a century ago Mr. Harding was a prominent portrait painter. Although an American and self-taught, he made quite a reputation in England, where he painted many famous people and became acquainted with more; he also had hundreds of sitters in the United States, among them being Clay, Webster, Calboun and Seward. Apparently his success was due partly to his

attractive personality, for although born in pover and scarcely able to read when he married seems always to have abounded in geniality, decays and tact; Washington Allston wrote of B that nature had made him a gentleman, 'and y know her too well not to know that she dees he work better than any schools.' He wrote for he children what he called an "Egotistegrathy which fills forty pages of the memoir, the remainder of which is compiled from his diary as abounds in anecdote of distinguished persons.

REMINISCENCES OF M'KINLEY

I met last evening a well known travelling si man who is connected with one of the largest ! importing houses in the country.

"Let me tell you something about this McKini at his lone in Canton, Ohio, last trip, and had quite a talk with him about Torchon lace, which is used more or less by every lady in the column. The duty has been raised from thirty to sixty porcent. In the cheaper varieties the retail price has been so advanced that the sales have practically stought.

"But, Mr. McKinley," I broke in, 'that would be impossible. This lace is all made by hand by the French and German peasants. There are no fac-

French and German peasants. There are no factories.

"On," he replied, "is that so? Well, had our committee known of this at the time that duty would never have been sitered."

"But, sir," and it, when our committee of importers waited upon you at Washington you refused to listen to them; in fact, you snubbed them."
This was too much for the Ohio Congressman and we changed the subject.
"I was approached," continued the New Yorker, "by, another Ohio Congressman during the list McKinley campatgn and he offered me \$500 ft I would take my samples and go on a stumping four with him, showing how the McKinley carff worked in my business; but, for good reasons, I had to decline the offer.

"Now," he continued, "let me tell you a little story about the McKinley campaign in Ohio. The republicans had a lot of young hustlers, whose duty it was to go out among the farmers and find men whose politics were at all doubtful. Every doubter would then be flooded with republican literature.

doubter would then be about and literature.

"Well, one of these young chaps met an old mossback' democrat driving into Canton one day and asked for a ride into town. "All right," said the former; 'jump in.' Of course the young man started in on politics right away.

MEMORICANISM A DISKASE.

"See here, said the farmer, what business are I'm a republican, promptly responded the

"I'm a republican, promptly responded the young man.

"Republican, eh? said the old democrat, with evident contempt. 'Why, that's no business, young man; it's a disease.

"By the way, 'said the travvelling man, 'I met Mr. Turner last November—Turner, you know, who was running on the republican itcket for Governor of Michigan. He was telling me about his certainty of being elected; the only thing he was after, he said, was to increase the republican majority of the State. Winans, on the democratic ticket, beat him by some sixteen thousand. Bough on Turner, wasn't it?

"Turner thought the McKinley bill a great measure for the country. But,' said he, 'I think that the tin plate section of the bill is one of the greatest outrages ever perpetrated upon the American people.'

greatest outrages can people."

"Why, Mr. Turner,' said I, 'that sounds strange from a republican. By the way, though,' I added, 'What's your business. Mr. Turner.'

"I am a packer of condensed milk,' said he. That, of course, accounted for his views concerning the tin plate tariff."

STRAUS AT SCHOOL

[Adair Welcher in Binghamton Republican.] I ligkes to blay mit children since dey vas so speoal wise,
Und der guestions vich dey asks me vas der best;
Und deir deep inhuman wonder, und deir doubt at
my reblies
Magkes me quite as doubtful of dem as der ross.

Vhon doy sees how childish toolish was such viss-dom as I've learned I'm light a fex, und dey der schasing band; Und dey follows on so sviftly vile I've run and crossed and turned Dot dey catch me in deir fields of wonderland.

I talks so cheorful big about der moon, der stars, der sun, Dey aaks me how I dwinkles mit der eye? Astonished dot 1 do not know to get a book dey run, Und says to shtudy dill I can reply.

So dey teach me curious lessons vile dey sesgks from me to learn.
Und not der least ven blaying I'm at school.
When I rightly wears der dunce cap, rightly finds my ears dey burn
Mit dot dunce cap in der corner on der stool!

Hence I lighes der little children, since dey been so awkward wise, Und dair guestions chase me quickly to a hole. Vere I hides me from deir innocense vich pieres der thin disguise, Only hides me like an edugaded mole!